

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

JULY

10¢

NO. 30

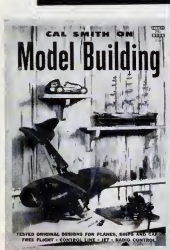


In this issue:

THE DEATH SENTENCE!

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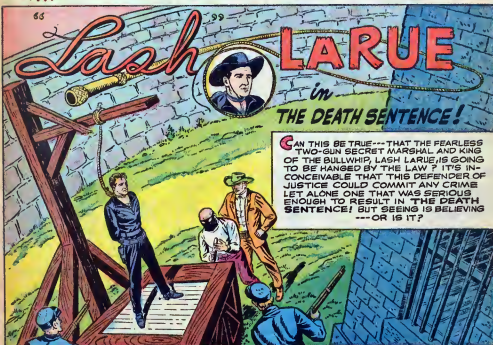
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CAN THIS BE TRUE---THAT THE FEARLESS TWO-GUN SECRET MARSHAL AND KING OF THE BULLWHIP, LASH LaRUE, IS GOING TO BE HANGED BY THE LAW? IT'S INCONCEIVABLE THAT THIS DEFENDER OF JUSTICE COULD COMMIT ANY CRIME LET ALONE ONE THAT WAS SERIOUS ENOUGH TO RESULT IN THE DEATH SENTENCE! BUT SEEING IS BELIEVING ---OR IS IT?

AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS---

I HAVE AN EASY ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, LASH! THIS IS THE CONVICTED KILLER, BIFF RUCKUS! HE'S TO BE HANGED AT THE STATE PRISON IN THE MORNINGS! I WANT YOU TO DELIVER HIM TO THE NEW WARDEN THERE!

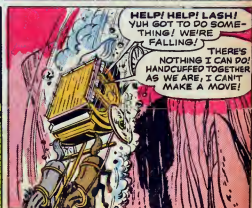
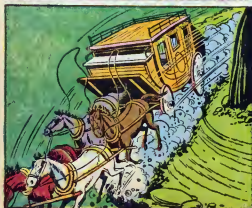
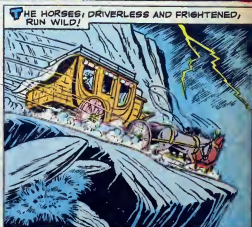
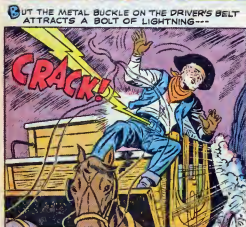
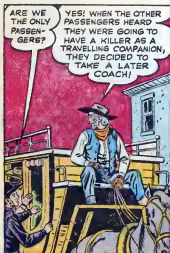
YES, SIR!

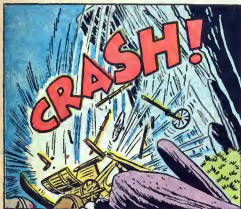


TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T TRY TO ESCAPE, I'LL HANDCUFF HIM TO ME!

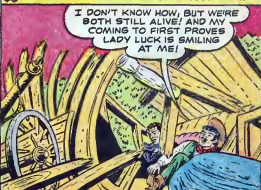
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, LASH! NOW HERE ARE TWO STAGECOACH TICKETS! YOU'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON AS IT LEAVES SOON!







AND HOURS LATER WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES!



I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT WE'RE BOTH STILL ALIVE! AND MY COMING TO FIRST PROVES LADY LUCK IS SMILING AT ME!

I'LL JUST REMOVE HIS BULLWHIP, HIS GUNBELT AND ALSO THE BELT HE WEARS THAT'S INSCRIBED WITH HIS NAME!



--- AND NOW THE KEY TO UNLOCK THESE BRACELETS!



BUT AS BIFF REACHES TOWARD LASH'S POCKETS---



HE'S WAKING UP! BUT WHAT DO I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WITH HIS GUNS IN MY HANDS, I CAN FORCE HIM TO GIVE ME THE KEYS!

OH, MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? AND WHO AM I? AM I?

OH, NOW I REMEMBER! I'M BIFF RUCKUS AND YOU'RE THE SECRET MARSHAL TAKING ME TO THE WARDEN AT THE STATE PRISON TO BE HANGED!

HE MUST HAVE LANDED ON HIS HEAD AND THE BLOW HAS CONFUSED HIS BRAIN! HE THINKS HE'S ME!



THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN ESCAPING! I'LL JUST DELIVER HIM TO THE NEW WARDEN AND HE'LL BE HANGED IN MY PLACE, THEN EVERYONE WILL THINK I'M DEAD!

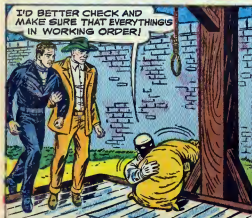
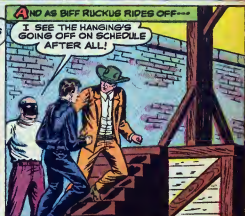


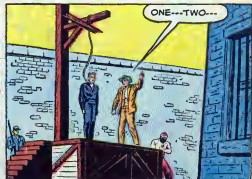
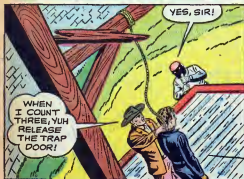
I'D BETTER SEARCH YUH TO MAKE SURE YUH DIDN'T PICK UP ANY SHARP ROCKS THAT YUH COULD HIT ME WITH!

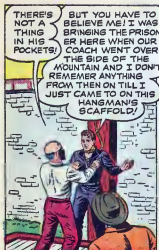
THIS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO STEAL THE KEY AND HIS CREDENTIALS!



LASH LARUE WESTERN







THERE'S NOT A THING IN HIS POCKETS!

BUT YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME! I WAS BRINGING THE PRISONER HERE WHEN OUR COACH WENT OVER THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING FROM THEN ON TILL I JUST CAME TO ON THIS HANGMAN'S SCAFFOLD!



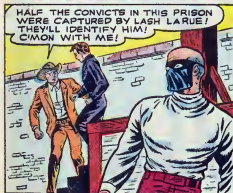
I SAY LET'S GET ON WITH THIS HANGING AND GET IT OVER WITH!

WAIT! EVEN IF THERE'S THE SLIGHTEST SHADOW OF DOUBT, I CAN'T ORDER ANY MAN TO BE HANGED! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS!

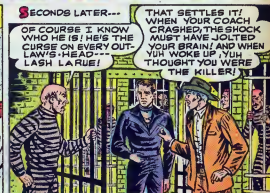


HOW DO YOU AIM TO DO THAT?

IF HE'S REALLY LASH LARUE, IT'LL BE EASY TO PROVE IT!



HALF THE CONVICTS IN THIS PRISON WERE CAPTURED BY LASH LARUE! THEY'LL IDENTIFY HIM! C'MON WITH ME!



SECONDS LATER---

OF COURSE I KNOW WHO HE IS! HE'S THE CURSE ON EVERY OUT-LAW'S HEAD--- LASH LARUE!

THAT SETTLES IT! WHEN YOUR COACH CRASHED, THE SHOCK MUST HAVE JOLTED YOUR BRAIN! AND WHEN YUH WOKE UP, YUH THOUGHT YOU WERE THE KILLER!



I RECKON SO, WARDEN! AND IT MUST HAVE BEEN BIFF RUCKUS THEN WHO DELIVERED ME HERE TO BE HANGED IN HIS PLACE! WHERE IS HE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW! HE LEFT AS FAST AS HE COULD SAYING HE HAD TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!

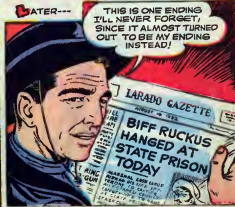
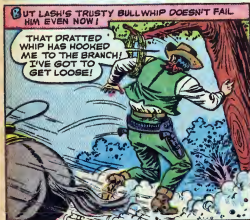


HE MEANT AS FAR FROM HEADQUARTERS AS POSSIBLE! DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF MY CATCHING UP TO HIM?

WE CAN GIVE YUH A VERY FAST HORSE! BUT WITH THE LEAD HE HAS, YUH'VE ONLY A VERY SMALL CHANCE!



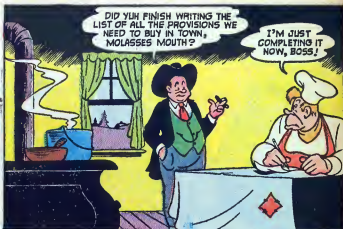
IT'S WORTH TAKING! LEAD ME TO THE HORSE, PLEASE, WARDEN!



MOLASSES MOUTH



SOME SPELLER!



Turns Terrific Clout Into Out!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

OOOPS!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F's" TOMORROW. YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ©

DAY OF "THE BIG GAME." WE WERE LEADING 4-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP!

LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

GOT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F's"

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F's" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

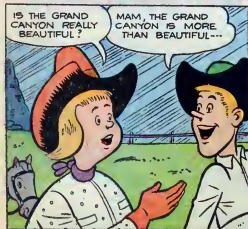
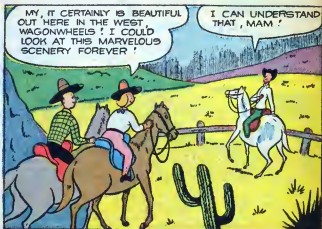
TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

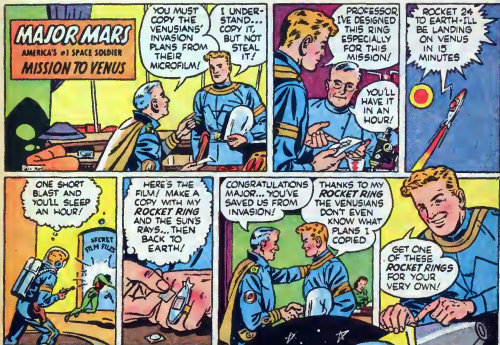
GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



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- RING FITS ANY FINGER

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"SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

SEND
FOR
FREE
GIANT
GIFT
LIST

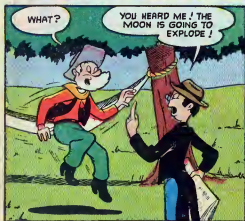
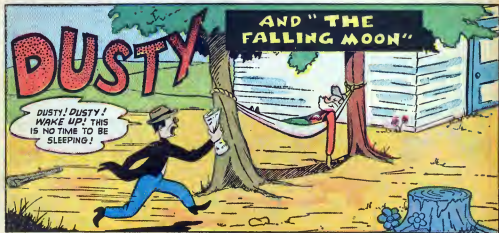


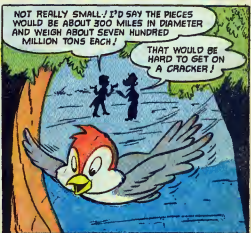
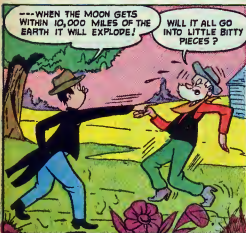
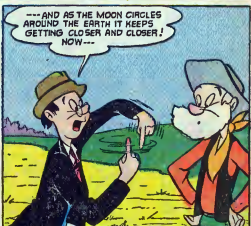
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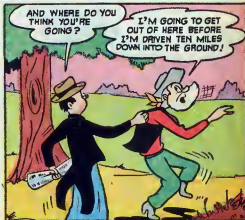
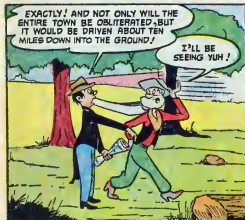
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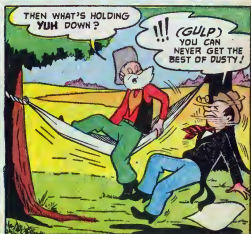
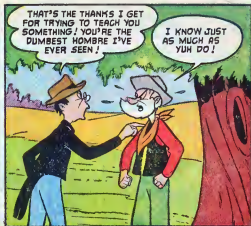
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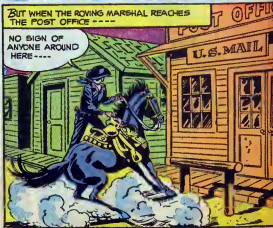
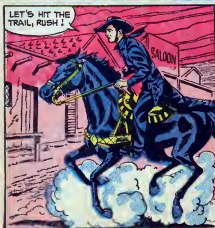
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---OR EVEN IN HERE! THE BANDITS HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP AGAIN! I'D BETTER FIND THE LOCAL POSTMASTER AND SEE IF HE CAN TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT WAS STOLEN!



SHORTLY AFTER--

ALL THE STAMPS ARE JUST WHERE I LEFT THEM, LASH! AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WAS STOLEN!

THIS IS THE THIRD POST OFFICE IN A ROW THAT'S BEEN BROKEN INTO AND NOT A THING STOLEN! MAYBE THIS IS SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE!



A FEW DAYS LATER--

I JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, LASH, THAT I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND INTERESTING! ACCORDING TO THE HEAD POSTMASTER, MOST OF THE LETTERS BEING SENT OUT FROM AROUND HYAR, ARE CARRYING COUNTERFEIT STAMPS!



COUNTERFEIT STAMPS! CHIEF, THAT'S THE ANSWER TO THOSE MYSTERIOUS POST OFFICE BREAK-INS!



THE BANDITS MUST SUBSTITUTE COUNTERFEIT STAMPS FOR THE REAL ONES! AND SINCE NO ONE THOUGHT TO EXAMINE THE STAMPS CLOSELY, IT ALWAYS LOOKED AS IF NOTHING HAD BEEN STOLEN!



THEN THEY MUST EXCHANGE THE REAL STAMPS FOR MONEY! BUT WHERE? THE POST OFFICE NEVER GIVES REFUNDS ON STAMPS!

NO, BUT SOME OF THOSE BIG MAIL-ORDER HOUSES WHICH USE VOLUMES OF POSTAGE BUY STAMPS AT DISCOUNTS FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOTS OF STAMPS!



BUT WHY WOULDN'T THE BANDITS JUST SELL THE COUNTERFEIT STAMPS DIRECTLY TO THE MAIL-ORDER HOUSE THEN?

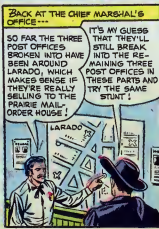
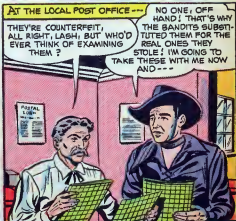
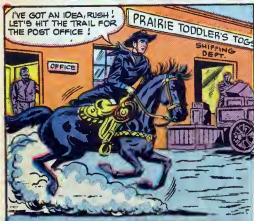
BECAUSE IF ALL THE PACKAGES COMING FROM ONE CONCERN HAD COUNTERFEIT STAMPS, IT WOULD BE TOO EASY TO CHECK!



WELL, THE BIGGEST MAIL-ORDER HOUSE IN THESE PARTS IS THE PRAIRIE TODDLER'S TOGS OUTFIT! I SUGGEST YOU GO FIND OUT IF THEY BUY LOTS OF STAMPS FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL! IT MAY BE THE MISSING CLUE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING, CHIEF! I'LL HEAD RIGHT THERE!

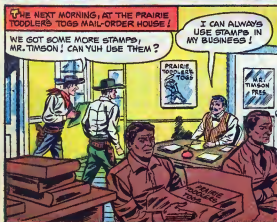


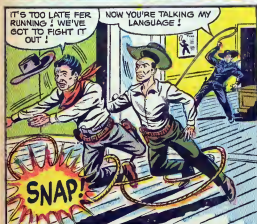
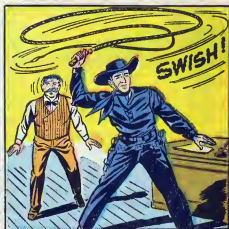




AND THE FAST THINKING, FAST RIDING ROVING MARSHAL LOSES NO TIME VISITING THE THREE POST OFFICES!









LONG AND SHORT

By R. R. Symes



"LOOKS TO BE the same two masked hombres every time," said Sheriff Tom Gallup, frowning at the reports on his desk.

"Seems so," agreed his chunky chief deputy, Matt Zack. "All the witnesses describe them the same. One tall and husky-voiced. The other short and thin and maybe a deaf mute because nobody has heard him say anything yet."

"Could be he's a mute like you suggest," said Tom Gallup. "Or could be there's something peculiar about his voice that'd make it easy to recognize, like as if he stutters or something. In that case, he'd be bound to keep quiet so as not to give himself away."

For easy reference, Tom and Matt had given the two mysterious outlaws the names "Long" and "Short." Just to check on whether there was any slight detail or clue they might have overlooked, they went over the case again together, point by point. According to the reports, Long and Short had committed four robberies. There was a pattern. They always struck by daylight and they always struck on Monday.

Four weeks ago they had entered the Grub Stake Cafe, early in the morning when only Blackie, the swamper, and Jed Coles, the proprietor, were on the premises. Jed was shot, and the strong box, with more than a thousand dollars inside, was carried away. The only description Blackie could give was that one was tall, one was short. Both were masked. The tall one spoke. The short one didn't.

On the following Monday, the Overland Stage was held up, twelve miles out. The guard was shot, the passengers and mail sacks looted. Description: same as from Blackie.

A week later the record showed two robberies. The silver wagon from the Three Cheers Mine had been held up, with gunplay. Tom and Matt, riding in the vicinity, had heard the shots and ridden up, too late to see Long and Short. Then they heard a woman's scream. They headed for it.

As they rode up, a young woman, kneeling on the ground beside a man, was screaming, "Help! Help! They've killed my brother!"

The lawmen recognized her. She was Jessie Clane, waitress from the Longhorn Lunch. Tom Gallup bent down to examine the fallen man while Matt Zack did his best to quiet the screaming woman. Will Clane, the brother, wasn't dead, but he did have a bad bump on his head. A dash of cold water from the sheriff's canteen brought him around.

After she had stopped her hysterical screaming, Jessie told them, "It's my day off, so my brother and I decided to take a ride. We heard shots, then these two men, one tall and one short, rode up. The tall one knocked my brother off his horse with the gun butt. The short one ripped my pearls from my neck, took my rings and my bracelet." She began to weep. "They are valuable and sentimental treasures. They were sent to me by my admirer back east!"

She described the tall man as having a long scar on his left cheek and said the short one had a big mole beside his right eyebrow.

"That's the most nearly complete description we've got so far," the sheriff had said. "Of course, it's too late to go after them now. They could easily have made it to the foothills, where the rocks show no footprints and where there's a hundred hiding places."

All this had happened a week ago. Matt Zack looked up at the calendar on the wall. He said, "It's Monday again!"

Sheriff Gallup stood up and paced "I know it's Monday. But we can't do any good by galloping off in all directions. I've deputized men to ride with the stage, I've got guards on the silver wagon, I've posted watchmen at all the important business places in town. If Long and Short strike today, we'll hear about it. We'll . . ."

A breathless man rushed in. He was Antoine, the wigmaker. "During the night!" he ex-



CACTUS BRAIN

A BONE HEAD!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

claimed. "One of my blonde hair pieces was stolen. A woman's wig!"

The sheriff had barely opened his mouth to question Antoine when Ike O'Brien, the dry goods storekeeper, burst in with, "Thieves! In the night! Took a complete outfit of lady's clothes!"

Matt yelled, "Tom, this looks like . . ."

Outside hoofs clattered and stopped. A man dismounted. He rushed in. "The train! Holdup! Engineer shot! Mail car rifled! Passengers robbed!"

"Long and Short?" asked the sheriff.

"No, no! This time it was a man and woman!"

After riding twenty miles out to where the train was still standing, Sheriff Tom Gallup got the story quickly. The wounded engineer said he'd seen a woman standing beside the tracks, waving frantically. Being gallant, he had halted the train. Then a man stepped out of the bushes beside the woman. Both held guns. They held up the train.

Matt searched and found a woman's dress and a blonde wig, ditched in the bushes not far from the tracks. "Seems like the man we call 'Short' dressed up as a woman this time," said Matt.

"Seems like," said the sheriff.

Several posses were formed. The search for Long and Short was intensified. Armed riders were looking for a tall man with a scar on his cheek, a short man with a mole near his eyebrow. Matt Zack rode with one group and some of them were openly critical of Sheriff Tom Gallup for not being along. Matt loyally defended his chief, but deep inside he, too, wondered why the sheriff had elected to remain alone in his office, examining the discarded dress and blonde wig.

Jessie Clane was critical, too. She happened to be passing the lawman's office and noticed the sheriff. She entered. She exclaimed indignantly that he was sitting here, lazily, when he should be out recovering her lost jewelry from Long and Short.

The lawman seemed to pay no attention to her clattering tongue. He sniffed at the dress, then examined the blonde wig carefully under a light. "Are you going to recover my jewels?"

she screeched.

"I'm going to recover everything that was stolen," responded the lawman, calmly. "And I'm going to put Mr. Long and Miss Short in jail!"

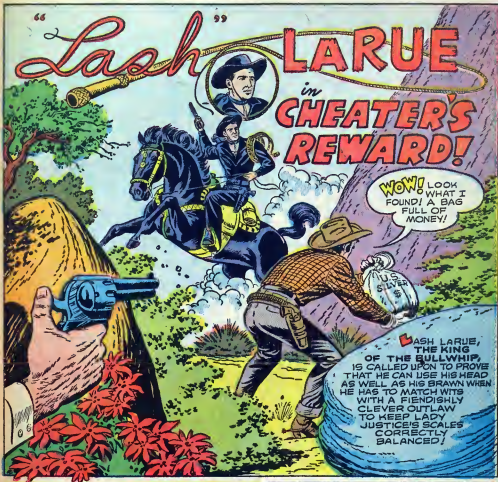
A flash of fear crossed the woman's face. Her eyes darted to the open window. Tom Gallup noticed. He ducked low as the gun exploded, then dived out the window and crashed his fist hard against Will Clane. He dragged Will around to the front door and gently pushed back Jessie Clane, who seemed ready to leave. "The jig's up, Jessie," he said. "I don't know why a nice-looking, hard-working girl like you would go in for a life of crime with your no-good brother, but I've got to put you both in cells. It's up to the court to decide what to do with you."

Later, when the possemen came back, he explained briefly. "Long and Short were both masked. They looked like men. Long spoke in a husky voice, muffled by the mask. Short never spoke at all—because a soprano voice would be a giveaway. Yes, Short was a woman!"

The lawman paused as his hearers gasped. Then he continued, "A woman stopped the train. She wasn't masked, or the engineer wouldn't have stopped. He must have seen a woman's face. Then he was shot. It was hoped he'd be killed and never identify that face—and we'd all think the person who stopped the train was a man dressed as a woman. The dress and wig were left where we could find them to heighten that belief.

"BUT I examined the dress. There was a scent of perfume. A man, dressing up like a woman to stop a train, wouldn't have to *perfume* himself. Then I began to think back and the puzzle unfolded. There was one witness who said she saw a scar on the cheek of the taller holdup man. But he wore a mask! Nobody could see a scar on his cheek! She was throwing us off the track! But we've got them now—Long and Short—Will Clane and Jessie Clane. Jessie, who worked for the restaurant, but who was off every Monday!"

THE END



AT THE LAREDO GENERAL STORE---

A PACKAGE OF HEADACHE POWDERS, PLEASE!

MORE HEADACHE POWDERS? GOSH, KAYSON, YUH HAVE MORE HEADACHES THAN ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE IN TOWN PUT TOGETHER! MAYBE KEEPING THE BOOKS FER THE TILSON SILVER MINE IS TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN FER YUH!

MAYBE SO, BUT SINCE I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP THE IDEA OF EATING THREE MEALS A DAY, I CAN'T GIVE UP THE JOB EITHER!

HERE'S THE POWDERS! I HOPE YORE HEAD FEELS BETTER!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE TILSON SILVER MINE OFFICE IN TOWN---

HELLO THERE, KAYSON! HYAR'S THIS WEEK'S PAYROLL MONEY! IF YUH CAN MAKE UP THE INDIVIDUAL PAYROLL ENVELOPES TONIGHT, I'LL PICK THEM UP FROM YUH IN THE MORNING ON MY WAY TO THE MINE AND HAND THEM OUT TO THE MEN!

IT'LL BE DONE, MR. TILSON!

I'LL PUT THE MONEY IN THE SAFE UNTIL I GET THE ENVELOPES MADE OUT!

BY THE WAY, MY FOREMAN, HARNETT, QUIT THIS AFTERNOON, SO HE'S AIMING TO PICK UP HIS MONEY LATER TODAY! YUH CAN GIVE IT TO HIM WHEN HE COMES IN!

YES, BOSS!

I'LL SEE YUH IN THE MORNING!

LATER---

HOWDY, KAYSON! HAVE YUH GOT MY DOUGH READY?

NOT YET, HARNETT! IT'LL TAKE ME A LITTLE WHILE SO WOULD YUH MIND DOING ME A FAVOR WHILE YO'RE WAITING?

NOT AS LONG AS I CAN DO IT AND STILL MAKE THE TEN-FIFTEEN TRAIN OUT OF HYAR! I'VE GOT A JOB WAITING FER ME IN PRAIRIE JUNCTION AND I'VE GOT TO BE THERE BY MORNING!

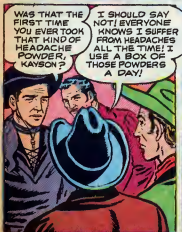
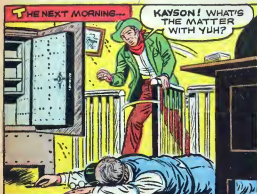
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES! I'VE GOT A TERRIBLE HEADACHE, SO I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YUH'D PICK UP A BOX OF HEADACHE POWDERS FER ME!

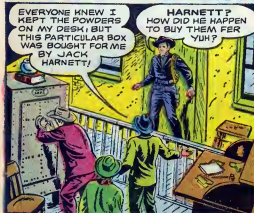
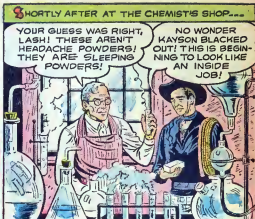
SHORTLY AFTER---

THANKS FER GETTING ME THESE HEADACHE POWDERS!

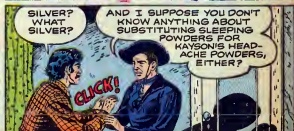
DON'T MENTION IT! NOW WHERE'S MY MONEY?

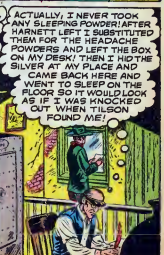
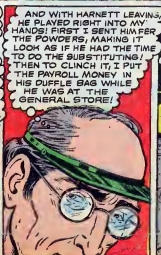
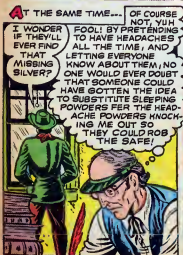
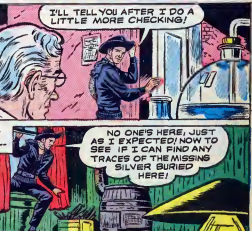
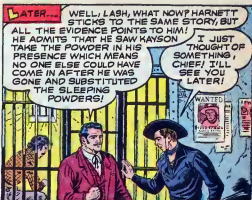
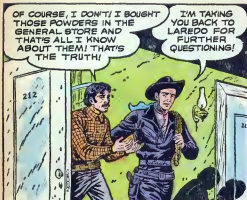
THANKS! AND IN CASE ANY MAIL COMES IN FER ME AFTER I'M GONE, YUH CAN FORWARD IT TO THE PRAIRIE JUNCTION HOTEL! I'LL BE STOPPING THERE UNTIL I GET SETTLED! SO LONG!

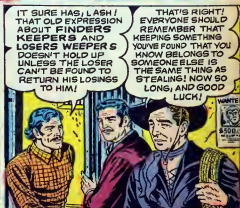
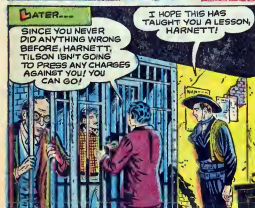
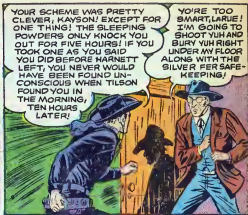
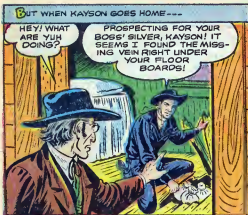












ROUND THE CLOCK...ROUND THE WORLD AID

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OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY FOR WOUNDED VETERANS!

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BLOOD FOR U.S. CASUALTIES IN KOREA!

NEW BACK PRESSURE-ARM LIFT METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

• The victim is placed face down in a prone position with arms overhead and bent at the elbows, one hand upon the other, and the head turned to one side so that the cheek rests on the hands.

The rescuer, on one or both knees at the victim's head, places his hands on the victim's back, with thumbs just touching and the heels of the hands just below a line running between the victim's armpits.

The rescuer rocks forward slowly, elbows straight, until his arms are almost vertical—exerting steady pressure upon the back.

Next, the rescuer rocks slowly and slides his hands to the victim's arms, just above the elbows, which are raised until resistance is felt at the victim's shoulders—then, the arms are dropped. This completes a full cycle, which is repeated 12 times a minute.



(ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS—
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257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

**PLUS 4 FREE TRIPS TO
MY RED RYDER RANCH!**

—Red Ryder

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER BIG DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

YOUR TARGETS, ENTRY BLANK MUST BE MAILED BY MIDNIGHT MAY 29th

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee with their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!

**LAST
CALL!
Hurry!
FREE
CONTEST
KIT
at your
DAISY
DEALER
or MAIL
COUPON!
NOW!**

NEW!

DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER

WIN ONE! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Feed-and-Open Rear-sight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

Prize holder in Rockies. West, Canada and subject change without notice. Do not miss this direct-mail contest!

DAISY PUMP GUN

WIN ONE! Take-down model. "Gold-engraved" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

WIN ONE! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

DAISY GRAVITY- FED REPEATER

WIN ONE! A 1000 shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal blued.

DAISY BUILT EYE SHOT IS BEST FOR

**DAISY
Air Rifles**

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. A-122, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.
I enclose unused 3c stamp
to help pay mailing cost. RUSH
FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!



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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. A-122, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

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